

Evening Public Ledger

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PLANTING FOR A REMOTE HARVEST

LIVING from hand to mouth never lifted any man from poverty. No nation ever made any progress which did not take a long look into the future and plan for unborn generations.

The company of teachers which is to gather at the University this week for the annual conference on education is looking ahead. The problems that the children of today will have to meet when they become men and women cannot be solved unless the children are properly trained.

While the war goes on it is of the first importance that we prepare the young to fill the places of those who will never come back. To do this we must have such conferences as that which is soon to begin here. Although this is evident to any one who gives more than a moment's thought to the subject, there has been some danger that it would be forgotten in the pressure of immediate war problems. If there is to be a harvest of capable men, the children must be cultivated in time.

Why doesn't the Mayor ask the police where the vicious reports are? They know as much as Doctor Delk about them.

AT AMIENS

LONG-DISTANCE appraisal of conditions on the western front are usually worthless. It is possible to judge only by the reactions at Paris and at the headquarters of the armies. It is being said that the Allies may give up Amiens. "Wait a bit," says Foch. The world can only wait and find assurance in the almost bare pronouncements at the French War Office and in the undoubted serenity of the Allied command.

The Germans before Amiens are in the position of a man who tried to leap a ditch and fell into it. Their safety and comfort depended on the immediate capture of their objective. All that is plain at this distance is that the German divisions are wearing themselves out, like a dazed prizefighter in a finish battle, and that the American, French and British reserves seem to be waiting until the enemy becomes a little more tired still.

If Amiens is given up there will be a reason for it, and it is plain that the German armies cannot now make their way much further forward without being exhausted and thinned out to a degree that will invite the counter-offensive that Foch has prepared.

Senator La Follette's former campaign manager is a little late in repudiating him. Wisconsin did it most emphatically a week ago.

GO TO IT!

GERMAN propagandists are planning to flood the country with reports of the terrible loss of American life in Flanders on the theory that they can frighten us by holding up to our contemplation the extent of the price we must pay for victory.

They do not seem to have learned anything. Every one else knows the effect of the German airplane raids on defenseless towns in England. When the local recruiting campaign was lagging the airplanes gave it the fillip needed. Instead of being cowed the Briton said that he would join a uniform to put a stop to this sort of terrorism. Every one else knows that when a young man has been killed by the Germans his brothers have enlisted in order to avenge his death. This has been happening in England and Canada for years and it is beginning to happen here.

Trustworthy reports of the slaughter of American troops will bring slackers from their hiding places and will inspire the men in the draft with such patriotic zeal that the youth who under other circumstances might have sought exemption will plead to be accepted.

So let the German propagandists go to it. They will do more good than harm.

As to great losses thus far, however, the War Department announces that there has been none, but that it will keep the country informed and will hold back no bad news. It realizes, if the propagandists do not, that the nation is in no mood to be frightened by the contemplation of the cost of victory. It has considered the price and is willing to pay it.

The new honor roll will contain 1909 names—those of young Philadelphians to be called in the second draft.

KULTUR SPEAKS

GERMAN kultur has a genius for self-revelation in terms calculated to array against it the cumulative hatred of mankind. The man who devised the seventy-mile gun has been talking. His deliveries are those of a "mad diseased," of an intelligence concerned happily only with the murder of noncombatants. Nothing is impossible in gunnery, we are told, if you spend enough money. England might be bombardment from the Continent. So, of course, could Scandinavia. So would Spain. Give the German scientists turn and so part of the world could be safe from guns, poison, disease germs or some other destructive horror.

The world at large will speed up its flight, eager, eager, to finish the business before the German announces an automatic threat-cut-off for children.

XYLOCEPHALISM RAMPANT

SOMEbody with money and a charitable disposition should start a school for wooden-headed politicians in Pennsylvania. Incidents are forever gleaming up out of the news to prove that the professional officeholders who do most of the talking about the war are afflicted with a blank, incurable ignorance of the war's deeper aims, of its inevitable results, of its real meaning to the country. Recent revelations of this weakness actually clamor for notice.

In Washington an anonymous dignitary described as "a dominant political leader in Pennsylvania" has charged that Governor Brumbaugh accepted the aid of the German-American Alliance when he first sought his nomination. The possible truth of the assertion and the seriousness that such an indictment might have had under other conditions are aside. Mr. Brumbaugh's ingenuousness when he went into politics was spectacular. He hasn't improved with experience. But he cannot be helped now. And the thing that leaps out from this latest arraignment of him, that shines above its grotesque and ponderous pretensions of gravity, is the suggestion of the dark ages of State politics, of a method that can bring forward in days vivid with new aspirations only a tattered rag of worn-out issue without promise, without meaning, without any intelligent regard for the real concerns of the State and its people.

If the Governor had been attacked where he is weak, at the points where his weaknesses are obvious, the charge might have served its purpose and hurt his friend O'Neil. Here again is the familiar assumption of the politicians that the people can be fooled, the smug assurance that the eyes of the voters everywhere can still be blinded with superficial and meaningless pretensions.

The emanation from "a dominant political leader in Pennsylvania" would be unworthy of notice did it not run parallel in the news columns with another deliverance of a different sort from a politician who is either more honest or more intelligent than those who happen personally to conduct the affairs of Pennsylvania. "The war," said Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, at the Hog Island war anniversary celebration, "is for democracy and for humanity. After the war will come a greater task. We shall have to make democracy safe for the world. We must make men intelligent, just, fraternal!"

Intelligence, justice and fraternity are terms almost unknown in the practice of professional politicians in this State. Plainly it is still the belief of dominant political leaders that a hazy accusation, with a bad odor to it, flung before the eyes of voters is adequate to turn their attention from basic truths, from the sins and corruption and crimes of factions. This method will not serve the purposes of the bosses much longer.

Only a cloistered mind will entertain the delusion that heelers and pan-handling ward bosses and contractors will be permitted much longer to degrade the institutions for which millions of men are being called out to suffer and die. No sane man will believe that the soldiers who have lived in cantonments, who have gone to France, who have been called upon in millions to endure pain and hardship in behalf of free institutions will come back to vote according to the fetid traditions of Frog Hollow.

It is to be supposed that the nation must pay to the hilt and suffer immeasurably to maintain free government and still tolerate a system that prostitutes and degrades this system to the gutters? The soldiers from camps and trenches and all those who are gaining a new appreciation of the democratic theory through their sacrifices must demand change. And it appears that the new condition will have to create new men. The bosses in Pennsylvania have been trained too long in the old school. They are short-sighted. The light of the new day will blind them.

The subject races of Austria-Hungary have never been content with subjection. Their representatives now assembled for conference in Rome understand that their only hope for freedom lies in the defeat of the Germans.

AIR MAIL AND THE LIBERTY MOTOR

THE tranquil community of Bustleton, now that it has been definitely selected as the landing place for the airplanes of the New York-Washington service, is likely to be written down importantly in history, since it will participate in the first public demonstration of the Liberty motor. This is no small role for Bustleton. The Liberty motor has been called slow and it has been called cumbersome. And yet we are depending on it to help us win the war.

Schedules prepared by the military authorities and the Postoffice Department do not indicate the prevalence of any doubts in the minds concerned officially with the new motor. The mail planes will be large. They will carry a considerable load. And they must average about a hundred miles an hour to make connections. It may be worth remembering that powerful but relatively slow machines do most of the important work on the battlefronts. There are airplanes that can do a hundred and fifty miles an hour, but they carry only a single pilot and a light gun. The work of bombing the massed air attacks on marching troops, most of the destruction on a large scale, is done by the machines of the type for which the Liberty motor was designed. And it has to be proved that the Liberty motor, given a light plane to carry, cannot achieve a speed as great as that of any fighting machine aloft.

We must be consistent. So long as the German spies are treated with consideration by the Government it is too much to expect that the interned enemy aliens should be required to earn their bread.

CHOP LOGIC FROM BERLIN

THE semiofficial German comment on the President's declaration that the United States would use force to the utmost to defeat the triumph of German plans to rule the world by force is characteristic. An attempt is made by chop logic to prove that the determination of the rest of the world to use force to break down

German forces is a justification of the German resort to arms.

Last any one be deceived by this sophistication it should be said that the 12th-century Allies are fighting to prevent the rule of ruthlessness and frightfulness just as the traveler in the Russian steppes would shoot down the wolf pack which attacked him. The wolves would doubtless justify their course by the law of the pack. But beasts do not yet rule the world.

Brumbaugh helped by the brewers? Perish the thought. Such an ardent prohibitionist could not use rum money even if it were credited to his bank account.

PROGRESS TOWARD CONFESSION

NOW that Von Jagow, former German Foreign Secretary, agrees with Prince Lichnowsky, former German ambassador to London, that England did not cause the war, we may patiently await German admissions that the war was caused neither by France nor by Russia. Thus by a process of exclusion we shall come to the final admission that Germany herself is the responsible nation. Whether this admission comes as a boast or as a confession of guilt depends on the decision on the battlefield. That it is bound to come is as certain as that unrighteousness cannot triumph.

Are there too many laws or too many lawyers?

Rather Hard, Too

The Germans insist that Clemenceau took a step for peace. No one denies it. In two words he walked all over Czerin.

THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

MISS NANCY NAINSOOK, sending us a contribution, protests at our having adopted stereotyped rejection and acceptance slips. She says that the secret of editorial success is to write personal letters to contributors, explaining just why the manuscript is "available" or not.

Here is our personal letter to Miss Nainsook:

Our dear Miss Nainsook,

We feel that your contribution is just a little too solemn for the Electric Chair. It seems to lack current, it is a non volt.

What we need for this department, our dear Miss Nainsook, is the effervescent, irresponsible, We covet the curious, the quaint and the jocose. We adore the mirthful and the malapropos. Rage round among your footstep, send us some foolscapings, some benevolent indignation streaked from the flat of noble rage. Call the fluff of the universe, bend it on its shining forehead, endow us with the unlimited lightnings of your intellect. WE LIVE ON LIGHTNING, is our motto.

Be electric, our dear Miss Nainsook! Brandish your brain upon us, pierce us with some flaming freak of whim. WHEN FREAK MEETS FREAK is our sub motto.

Recharge our storage battery from your jovial induction coil!

Yours to the last ohm,

THE ELECTRICIAN.

Obedience to Obesity

Dear Socrates—The Chamber of Commerce of Obesity, N. J., wishes to express its appreciation of the very generous publicity you have accorded our community. Presuming on your connection with our leading citizen, Mr. Dulcet, we seize the opportunity of acquainting you with those features of our activity which merit the enthusiasm of the world at large.

Obesity is a salubrious little town, situated at the confluence of the Dulcet and Bleak families. Mrs. Dulcet was descended from the famous Oliver Bleak, better known by his signature, of O. Bleak. His old home, Bleak House, was immortalized by Charles Dickens in one of his scenarios.

Our catnip plantations, cheese quarries and glove-fitting railway schedule are the best in the State. We are almost immune from teetotal flies, hay fever and other obnoxious complaints. Our mosquitoes are trained to indirect biting and our mosquito muzzles is famous all over New Jersey. We are the only town that has made the muzzling of mosquitoes compulsory.

The slogan that we have adopted for our Chamber of Commerce is, "Obedience to Obesity, Home of the Mosquito Muzzle!" We would like to know if you will come to our annual fete-day on the 1st of May and speak at the dinner? Respectfully yours,

OBESITY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

THE MAN OR WOMAN without a Liberty Bond is the loneliest person in the world. A Liberty Bond makes you partner and stockholder in the great enterprise humanity has ever undertaken: the determination of the free nations to rid the world of militarism.

We will win, but you can hasten the winning.

Do your utmost.

Current contributed by The Electric Chair.

Ads We Deplore

The world needs humorists. How would you like to be one?

Get this into your head: YOU CAN! We can make you a humorist by mail. Don't you want to make your mother-in-law ROAR WITH LAUGHTER?

Don't you want to have that infectious gift of whim that Napoleon, Artaxerxes and Hindenburg had?

Don't you want to FASCINATE people? Or do you want to go on being a dose of strychnine to your friends?

Does your intellect shamble? ARE YOU INEPT?

Come to us, O, COME TO US! Never mind about writing, telegraph at once.

Wire for our adorable little booklet, Rufus Choate had it and gnashed his teeth. You need it. We entreat you, we EMPLORE you, to become a humorist. Even at your own expense, become a humorist.

If you are so perverse that you don't WANT to be a humorist and make money like water while the world wonders, give this to . . . friend.

Telegraph to the Grand Central Wit Corporation, Suite 777, Somewhere in Connecticut.

The Kaiser has gone to Rumania. Perhaps to rue his mania.

SOCRATES.

"FORCE TO THE UTMOST"

WHAT IT MEANS

"Force, force to the utmost; force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."—President Wilson at Baltimore.

THE FORCE OF PUBLIC SPIRIT

THE first year of America's participation in the war was a year of preparation. Our activity was great, but it was largely activity of gathering and training our energies, not activity that inflicts on the enemy a decisive blow. The first year of our war ended when General Pershing followed his "Here we are, Lafayette," with his even nobler "Here we are, Foch. 'Tis us as you will." The sacrificial battle in Picardy, the red tides of that scarlet Easter which the world will never forget, have served to bring home to every soul in this nation the meaning and truth of the grave days that lie before us.

No nation or no individual ever rises to the summit of achievement until the truth is known and faced in all its starkness. During the last year our war preparations, great as they have been, were below the possibility of what we might have done. This was because the burning truth was not written in the hearts of many of our citizens. There were millions who thought that the severest part of the war was over; that peace might come soon (no one knew just how); that our draft armies would never see fighting, and that it all would end without much shedding of American blood.

"You shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free." We are now facing the truth, and it will liberate the colossal and still unfocused energies of this vast nation. The war is not near an end; peace is not in sight. The hardest fighting is yet to come. And America shall school herself to bear burdens such as we have never dreamed.

The coming of victory depends, more than anything else, on one thing: on the intimate realization by every citizen of what the war means. When every man and woman bears this war like a burning coal in his or her business and bosom; when the air throbs with every other thought and wish and subordinate to the speedy winning of the struggle, then the spirit of the conflict will vibrate in a noble rhythm through the land. We must create and consecrate a national Will-to-Victory. The war must blaze and glow in every heart.

President Wilson's grave and splendid speech at Baltimore gives the key to our redemption of heart and hand and soul to the struggle. We have been "disillusioned." We know now, beyond possibility of quibbling or evasion, the brutal and still unspun might of the foe. We bear in the bosom of this nation a mightier force still, but not yet concentrated and dedicated to the issue. It is the national soul which must be touched and quickened to a nobler expression than we have ever conceived.

When every American understands that all our forces of spirit and decision are granted without reserve to the crisis at hand; that whether the war lasts two years or five or ten, it is the future and glory of the human race that is at stake; then all else will seem petty beside the dedication of our souls to this task. It is the public spirit, the soul of our collective will, that backs the ship and the howitzer and the bayonet. Fan that spirit to an immortal flowering of flame and the war is won. Let every man and woman dedicate himself anew.

Man Power will be discussed tomorrow.

Every one must dig—

And a Grave for Every German Ambition

Colonel Sheldon Potter tells only half the story when he says that raids cannot stop the war.

Or for the Babies to Grow?

Wait, says Hindenburg to the Kaiser, is he waiting for the Landsturm to be helped up to the front?

OUR DEBT TO FRANCE

SO MUCH has been said recently in song and newspaper editorial that it is interesting to note what Ralph W. Page has to say about this debt in his new book, "Dramatic Moments in American Diplomacy." "In order to repay this debt to France," says Mr. Page, "we should have to send to France approximately 200,000 six-inch guns and equipment for 2,500,000 troops." And in this old letter which he quotes lies the reason therefor:

Paris, Aug. 18, 1875.

To the Committee on Secret Correspondence, Philadelphia:

Gentlemen—The respectful esteem that I bear toward that brave people who so well defend their liberty under your conduct has induced me to form a plan concerning in this great work by establishing an extensive commercial warehouse, solely for the purpose of serving you in Europe, there to supply you with necessities of every sort, to furnish you expeditiously and certainly with all articles—clothes, linen, ammunition, powder, muskets, cannon, or even gold for the payment of your troops, and in general everything that can be useful for the honorable war in which you are engaged. Your deputies, gentlemen, will find in me a sure friend, an asylum in my house, money in my coffers and every means of facilitating their operations, whether of a public or secret nature. I will, if possible, remove all obstacles that may oppose your wishes from politics of Europe.

At this very time, and without waiting for any answer from you, I have procured for you about 200 pieces of brass cannon, four-pounders, and which will be sent to you by the nearest way, 200,000 pounds of cannon powder, 20,000 excellent fusils, some brass mortars, bombs, cannon balls, bayonets, platinos, clothes, linen, etc., for the clothing of your troops and lead for musket balls. An officer of the greatest merit for artillery and kind genius, accompanied by lieutenants, officers, artillerymen, cannoniers, etc., whom we think necessary for the service, will go to Philadelphia, even before you have received my first dispatch.

R. HORTALEZ & CO.

This letter tells the story. The pith of it lies in the fact that R. Hortalez & Co. was a Spanish firm name assumed to conceal the identity of one of the cleverest diplomats Europe ever knew, one Baron De Bismarck, secret agent of Louis XV. The money and equipment for the United Colonies came from the coffers of France. As a matter of relative values Mr. Page is no doubt correct.

"HEY, DOT VOS TO BE INDEMNITY!"

LIBERTY LOAN

Interviews With Husbands: Mr. Dulcet on Dishwashing

BY OUR SUBURBAN CORRESPONDENT

EVERY ONE has heard of Dove Dulcet, the poet of Obesity, N. J., and hearing that Mrs. Dulcet was away for a vacation I thought it an excellent opportunity to get an interview. I found the poet in the cellar of his pretty little bijou residence opening a tin of herrings with an ax. "Mrs. Dulcet must have taken the can-opener with her," he said, apologetically. "At least, I can't seem to find it anywhere around."

I questioned Mr. Dulcet about his theories of housekeeping, and was delighted to find him very communicative. "You won't mind if I go on washing the dishes while we talk?" he said. "I find a pan of hot dishwater very stimulating. I think perhaps my philosophy of the pantry would be interesting to your readers."

"Let me begin this way," he said, skillfully polishing a blue-and-white plate with a cloth. "Mrs. Dulcet has very rigid ideas on the subject of dishwashing. She regards it as an unpleasant duty which must be done at once with a kind of Spartan decision. When she goes away she always leaves this little placard over the sink."

He pointed to a card, lettered in a bristly hand:

Always Wash the Dishes Immediately After Supper It Saves Trouble

"MRS. DULCET says it saves effort to wash the dishes right after meals. She says that if you delay the grease hardens on the plates, and the little sediment of sugar in the bottom of the tea cup (even Mr. Hoover must leave some once in a while) cakes (and has to be pried out with a thumbnail) and the longer you put off the job the worse it is."

"I disagree."

"To approach dish-washing as though it were a hateful chore is to wrong what is in truth a very noble and philosophic act of cleansing and purification."

"THE right time to wash the dishes is 11 o'clock or later, after the evening is over, when the brain needs some soothing respite from the busy speculation of the day. Then the performance of that and other kindred humble tasks becomes a grateful anodyne. The hot water and soap-suds in which your hands are plunged are a febrifuge, a sovereign medicament and recuperative, retracting the blood from the fatigued or excited brain cells. The mind, wearied by the million twists and turns of the day, falls into a placid and harmonious flow, while the hands proceed almost unconsciously with the gestures of cleansing and ablation. The merry little routine of wringing out the dish-mop and hanging it by the back door to air, of shaking down the kitchen stove, of chivvying together the tea leaves and odds and ends of macaroni or potato or other victuals that cluster in the grating at the center of the sink—all these domestic acts are very soothing. Many a man has traveled to the Alps or the Canadian Rockies in search of harmony of soul and sense. He might have found it in his kitchen sink. A well-washed and polished plate, a cleansed and bubbled soup spoon, is as invigorating to contemplate as a mountain peak."

"NOT without a struggle," said Mr. Dulcet reflectively. "did I attain this lofty viewpoint upon the problems of the kitchen sink. There was a time when I found the task of dishwashing fatiguing and tedious in the extreme. So much so that I had an ingenious carpenter erect for me a book-rack, over the sink, and a hooded electric light, so that I could read while my hands wallowed to and fro beneath. I went through much of 'Paradise Lost,' in this way; then I turned to George Ade and Walt Mason to assuage my toil. I made the great spirits of literature partners and secret sharers of my anguish; I used to mutter sonnets and odes as I made onslaught on grimy frying pans or chafing dishes mired by Welsh rabbit. Two lines from Keats used to console me:

The moving waters at their priestlike task Of pure ablution round earth's human shores. But then I reflected that after all it is not the task itself that matters, it is the spirit in which one approaches it. To have abandoned the struggle by eating at a restaurant would have been puny and fatuous. Moreover, we have no restaurants in Obesity—that is why the town is so named. I wrote to Mrs. Dulcet, begging her to come home and save me from these rising pyramids of unwashed vessels. I cried in my agony that this pantry work was no fit task for a husband and a poet. I begged her to think of the immortal verses I might have written in the time spent at the sink. Her only reply was to send me a picture postal card of Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, and written under it 'H Kings, axl, 13.'"

I got out my notebook.

"And the text was?" I queried.

"Look it up," he said. "If you are a married man it will strike you to the heart."

"THEN it was, after reading this heart-rending scripture, that I made my great decision. I came to the conclusion that no one had treated these homely rites with the proper respect that is due them. I determined that (as Wordsworth says) I would turn my necessity to glorious gain. I would save my dishwashing until the last thing at night, and come to it reverently, thoughtfully, with a mind purged of all grossness and mundane thought. I tore down my book-rack. Little by little the beauty and symbolism of the sink grew upon me. I have written a poem about it. Would you care to hear it?"

I saw with dismay that his eyes had begun to gleam with the unearthly light that every interviewer knows so well. I rose and took up my hat.

"And how I can hardly wait for Mrs. Dulcet to get home again," he said. "I want to tell her about it. Also I need the can-opener. I don't see what use it can be to her in Sleepy Hollow."

LEAVING the kitchen, I opened the wrong door by mistake and blundered into a kind of store cupboard. To my horror I saw that the floor was piled five feet high with unwashed dishes. Spoons and cups and frying pans and tea leaves littered the place, a dreadful sight. Fortunately he was looking the other way and did not see my discovery.

The poet escorted me to the front door. In the hall I tripped over something lying on the rug. I stooped and picked it up.

"What is it?" he said.

"The can-opener," I cried, and ran for the train.

VON HINDENBURG—ME

An April First Interview (Delayed)

By JAMES G. CONNER

"Huh!" said Von Hindenburg, "der var his a cinch. Und der Allies—Huh! Piff! dey can't gain an inch. On der front in der Vest, it's so strong, don't you see? I'm der fellow vat build it, yes—twas built by ME. Der slaughter of droops! Huh! My fingers I schnap. For der lives of der men I doan gif a rap. Chust so long as I'm safe from der bullets, you see. For I am Von Hindenburg—yes, dot ME."

"Der Kaiser he dinks der has only von mas der equal of Gott—now, head dot off you can. Der Kaiser's ideas? Huh, der chust full of schmoke."

Chust listen to me—der Kaiser's a choke. If he dinks he und Gott are der persons der rule. Der Earth und der peebles, he lies chust on der floor. For I run der var; dot las, ME und Gott. Der Kaiser dinks he does; I say he does not.

"About April der First—in Paris? Huh! Yes. Vell, dot vril I dinks vas a pretty good guess."

Der Kaiser, you know, I must say something to. But why should I care if it does not come true? Ve know dot der Kaiser is out for a state. To heck der whole world, make it dremble und shake. So Gott, he has made an alliance, you see. Vith der fellow in power, Von Hindenburg—ME!"

"So, now, ME und Gott vill run dis affair. To suit our two selves, for vat do ve care. Vether Bill dinks ve're wrong, vether he dinks ve're right. Ve'll lay out our plans, und den ve'll sit tight. So dot ven der var's over, und Bill tumbles down. From der place vore he sits, den I'll vare der crown. Den he vill perceive dot his violons ver schmoke."

Vot las dot